

JUMP INTO ACTION WITH SERGEANT ROCK - INSIDE!

SMASH!

No. 161

1st MAR. 1969
EVERY MONDAY

7d

INCORPORATING **FANTASTIC**

AUSTRALIA 10s. EAST AFRICA 10s. WEST AFRICA 10s.
SOUTH AFRICA 10s. EUROPE 5s. NEW ZEALAND 10s.



CONTINUED FROM COVER.

SEEING STARS

THAT'S IT! SWITCH
THE REPORTS AND PUT
'EM BACK IN HIS
POCKET BEFORE HE
COMES ROUND!

OOOH! THERE'S
DONALD DUCK... OOH!
MICKEY MOUSE... AND
RAQUEL WELCH!
COO!

ROTTERS! THEY'RE SWITCHING REPORTS! WE'LL GET THEIR LOUSY ONES.

KEE / AKEE
WE'VE DONE
IT!

WE'VE
GOT THE
GOOD
TUNS

MY DAD
WON'T
HALF BE
PLEASED

WE'VE
GOT THE
GOOD
TUMS.

WE'LL HAVE TO
SWITCH THEM
BACK AGAIN!

IT'S NOT
FALL ON
US!

BLOOMER'S MINISTER OF
TRANSPORT: FANCY PUTTING
A LAMP POST IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE ROAD.

BLESS
YOU, BOYS,
YOU'RE SO
KIND.

ON
ADDR
EVE

**ARE YOU
FAT?**

HIE! HEE! I
SOON PUT 'EM
BACK IN THE
RIGHT
ENVELOPE!

THERE
YOU ARE
SIR, ALL
CLEAN
AND
TIDY.

WELL
DONE,
CHRIE

TEACH THOSE ROTTEN
BLOTS! THEY'VE GOT
THE SAC REPORTS AGAIN.

COR! LOOK AT THAT ROTTER CYRIL—HE HAS TURNED THE TABLES!

**HA! HA! IF I KNOW THOSE
ROTTEN BLOTS, THEY'LL
MAKE THEIR MOVE SOON.**

THEY DO...AND
PUT THE WIND
UP THE SWITS.

GOOD
OLD
MUSIC

TCN! TCN! WHAT?

WHAT A
ROTTEN BLON

OW, ALL THE
REPORTS
HAVE BLOWN
OUT OF THE
WINDOW! GO
AND GET
THEM,
BOYS!

**QUICK, CYRIL—
—OR THOSE
BLOTS WILL
HORROR ALL
THE REPORTS
AGAIN!**

AA: AA: WE'VE
TURNED THE
TABLES ON OLD
CYRIL AND HIS
MOB AGAIN.

HERE YOU ARE, TEACH!
ALL SAFE AND SOUND!
IT'S AN ILL WIND
THAT BLOWS NO ONE
ANY GOOD!

YOU CAN SAY THAT
AGAIN, BERTRAM!
HEE! HEE! NOW,
TAKE YOUR
REPORTS HOME
—SNIGGER!

THAT NIGHT AT BLUT BUILDINGS, THERE'S A SOUND OF **LOUD REPORTS.**

TAKE THAT!
≡ WHACK!

—AND THAT!
—WHACK! AND
THAT—WHACK!



YEE OW!

YEDW?

— AND
THAT!

YEEOW!

GOOD MORNING,
BOYS / ... SIT
DOWN

**YOU ROTTEN
OLD TWISTER. WE
WON'T BE ABLE TO
SIT DOWN FOR**

GOOD MORNING, CAR

ALL RIGHT, THEN—SWOTS SIT DOWN. THE BLOYS CAN'T—YOU SEE, IT TURNED OUT RIGHT IN THE END... THEIR END.

FOR ONCE, THINGS WENT WELL FOR SIR. I PUT THOSE REPORTS IN THE **WRONG** ENVELOPES IN THE FIRST PLACE, JUST IN CASE. SEE... NEVER TRUST A TEACHER!

KING OF THE RING

A HYPNOTIC DRUG HAS BEEN GIVEN TO KEN KING ON THE EVE OF HIS GREAT MATCH AGAINST HAYSEED HAMMOND IN SOUTHERN FRANCE. A TR. REMITTER DEVICE THEN WHISPERS INTO THE SLEEPING KEN'S EAR, WHILE HIS MANAGER PAUL BLARNEY STONE IS IN ANOTHER ROOM....

YOU DARE NOT FIGHT ZE HAYSEED... TERROR GRIPS YOU, KEN KING. YOU WISH TO RUN! YOU HAVE TO ESCAPE FROM HERE!

CHICO IS A SKILLED HYPNOTIST...

HAYSEED, MON BRAVE, THERE WILL BE NO MATCH TOMORROW. KING WILL NOT WAIT TO BE BEATEN.

THAT BE FOINE! AS LONG AS KING DON'T TURN UP, WE WIN FIVE HUNDRED POUND.



NOW WAKE HIM—JUMP ON THE FLOOR! WE MUST GIVE OUR FRIEND GOOD TIME TO ESCAPE!

I HOPE THE MONEY BE SAFE, CHICO? ARR, I RECKON IT BE!

LOUD THUDS AWAKEN BLARNEY STONE...

WHAT THE DEVIL GOES ON? I'LL PUT A STOP TO IT... KEN NEEDS HIS SLEEP!



BLARNEY ENTERS KEN'S ROOM...

MITHER O' MURPHY, HE'S TREMBLING! FLEE HE DEATH....!



I—I'VE GOT TO GET OUT! BLARNEY, CANCEL THE FIGHT!



HAVE YOU FLIPPED? WHAT ARE YOU DOING? GET AWAY FROM THAT WINDOW!

I NEED AIR—MUST ESCAPE! I CAN'T FACE THE HAYSEED... KEEP AWAY!



HORRIFIED, BLARNEY TRIES TO STOP KEN, BUT....

I—AAAAASH!

NO ONE'S STOPPING ME NOT EVEN YOU!





HAVE THE SPRING WATERS REVIVED KEN? OR IS HE STILL HYPNOTIZED? FIND OUT WHEN THE BIG FIGHT STARTS—NEXT WEEK!



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 - * MAGNIFYING GLASS

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Tell your parents you are writing.

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JET STAMPS (Dept. A36), MUCH WENLOCK, SALOP

SERGEANT ROCK

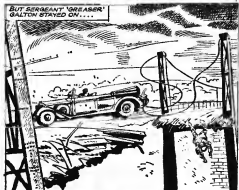
PARATROOPER!



1943. ON A NORTH AFRICAN AIRFIELD, SERGEANT 'GREASE' GALTON'S CREW OF PARATROOPER ENGINEERS WERE BOARDING THEIR TROOP CARRIER...









ALL RIGHT, LADS.
I TOLD YOU WHAT TO
DO... NOW LET'S
GET AT THEM!



SHIELDED BY THE SMOKE FROM THE BURNING
CAR, THE RED DEVILS CROSSED THE GAB...

COME ON! WE
WERE SENT HERE TO
TAKE THAT TOWN...
LET'S TAKE
IT!



IT WAS A DIFFERENT JOE
LACEY THAT CLIMBED
FROM THE
RIVER...

THE SERGEANT
TOLD ME TO JUMP FOR
IT, BUT HE STAYED
ON! HE TOOK THAT
CAR OVER HIMSELF!

IT'S LACEY!
HE'S OKAY!



I WAS WRONG ABOUT THE
ENGINEERS, DEAD WRONG! AND
A MAN LIKE SERGEANT 'GREASER'
BANTON HAD TO DIE... TO
PROVE IT!

LIKE US,
JOE, YOU SHOULD
BE PROUD TO
HAVE SERVED
UNDER HIM!



THEN, STARTLINGLY, CAME A
FAMILIAR BOOMING VOICE...

LOOK ALIVE, YOU GREASE-
MONKEYS! WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH YOU? IS IT
YOUR DAY OR
SOMETHING?

IT'S
GREASER!



KEEP MOVING! THERE'S WORK
TO BE DONE, THAT'S WHY
WE'RE HERE!

DON'T FORGET IT!
THOSE LADS NEED US
GREASE-MONKEYS TO BACK
THEM UP! SO LET'S
SHOW THEM WHAT
THE FIGHTING
ENGINEERS
CAN DO!

WE'RE
ON OUR WAY,
SERGEANT!



YES, PARATROOPER JOE LACEY SAW
THINGS VERY DIFFERENTLY NOW...

A FIGHTING
ENGINEER! THAT'S ME!
AND I'M GOING TO
STAY ONE!

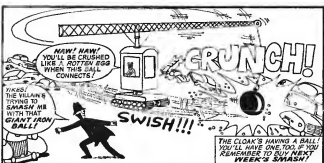
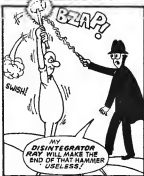
IT TAKES A SPECIAL BRAND OF COURAGE TO WORK
UNDER FIRE WITHOUT A GUN IN YOUR HAND, THAT'S
WHAT JOE LACEY FOUND OUT, AND SO DID ALL OF
US WHO FOUGHT ALONGSIDE THE FIGHTING
ENGINEERS! SEE YOU NEXT WEEK!



THE CLOAK VS THE ROAD HOG

THE CLOAK HAS TRAILED THE ROAD HOG TO HIS GARAGE HIDEOUT, BUT HE IS ATTACKED BY THE HORRIBLE HOG'S INHUMAN HELPER, HUBCAP, THE KARATE KID.







DUSTY

BEN

Bunsen's Burner





THE FABULOUS FANTASTIC FOUR FINALLY LEARN..

"LO! THERE SHALL BE AN ENDING!"



TORCH! LOWER YOUR FLAME, YOU JUVENILE INCOMPETENT! INSTEAD OF STOPPING THEM, YOU'RE BLAZING AN ESCAPE ROUTE THEY CAN FOLLOW!

CAN'T HELP IT! I'M TRYIN' NOT TO MIT THE THING!

OUR LESSON FOR TODAY...

TRAPPED BY THEIR DEADLY COUNTERPARTS, THE FRIGHTFUL FOUR, REED AND SUE ATTEMPT A DESPERATE ESCAPE WITH THE HELPLESS THING, WHILE THE FLAMING HUMAN TORCH LEADS THE WIZARD IN NOT A PURSUIT OF HIS ESTEEMED PARTNERS!

*NO RUN INTENDED!

JUST MAH! I'LL GET THIS BLASTED ANTI-GRAY DISC OFF ME SOONER OR LATER--AND WHEN I DO--!



RICHARDS KEEPS SHAKIN' ME TO KEEP HIS OOB-BALANCE BOB. I CAN'T PULL THAT CREEPY DISC OFF ME!

MY STRENGTH DON'T DO ME NO GOOD WHILE I'M WEIGHLESS LIKE THIS!



QUICK, DARLING-- HOP IN JONAH'S CAR! HIS FLAME WON'T HURT US!

HOW CAN YOU BE SO SCARED, SUE?

I WONDER IF THE WIZARD'S WEIGHED HIS POWERS? I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM SO CLAMMY BEFORE!



THAT'S JUST IT--THE MACHINE COULDN'T HAVE APPREHENDED HIM AT ALL! I DE-FLUSED IT WHILE I WAS INVISIBLE! THE TORCH CAN'T BE UNDER THEIR CONTROL!

THAT EXPLAINS HIS TUMBLEWEEZ! HE'S ONLY FAKING! HE'S PRETENDING TO BE HELPING THE FRIGHTFUL FOUR!



I AIN'T FAKIN', MISTER! ONCE I GET ON MY FEET AGAIN, I'LL ADD UP THE PLAZE WITH YA.



FOLLOW THEM, YOU BUNGLING FOOL! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!

I CAN'T, WIZARD! I'VE GOTTA SLOW DOWN--IN ORDER TO KEEP MY FLAME FROM DYING OUT!



THE FAMOUS HUMAN TOUCH--BAAA! HE'S JUST AN OVER-RATED, USELESS FREAK! I'LL 'POOF' ON HIM AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY!

I TRUST YOU HAVE ENOUGH FLAME LEFT TO HELP ME RELEASE THOSE OTHERS WHO ARE TRAPPED BY MY DISC!

WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?

YOU'LL SEE!

YOU AND YOUR ACCUSED 'MAFIA' TRAMPER! THESE DISCS CANNOT BE REMOVED!

HOW IN PLAZE WAS I SURVIVED TO KNOW RICHARDS WOULD TOSS 'EM AT ME??

THE WIZARD BETTER GET 'EM OFF US--OR ELSE!



THEY MIGHT TRY TO TURN AGAINST ME BECAUSE OF THIS... THAT'S WHY I WANT YOU TO SEE ME, TORCH!

HELP STILL, ALL OF YOU! MY MASTER DISC REVERSER WILL NEUTRALIZE THE ANTI-GRAVITY EFFECTS OF YOUR DISCS!



THEN, AS THE THREE RAGING MENACES REGAIN THEIR FOOTING...

HOW TELLS MY FAIR MEDUSA! THEY GIVE ME THE RIGHT ALWAYS TO CALL MYSELF YOUR LEADER!

THOSE DISCS ARE TOO DANGEROUS! THEY CAN TOO EASILY BE TURNED AGAINST YOU!

SOME LEADER! LOOK HOW EASY RICHARDS AND THAT DAME GOT AWAY FROM US!

THEY MADE US LOOK LIKE RUSS LEAGUES!



MEANWHILE, REED AND SHE HAVE MANAGED TO BRING THE THING BACK TO THE BAKTER BUILDING...

WE'VE DONE IT! NOTHING SHORT OF AN ATOMIC EXPLOSION CAN SHATTER THAT ESCAPE-PROOF EXPERIMENTAL LAB!



REED-- WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO HIM?

FIRST, I'LL FEED HIM A HEAVY CONCENTRATION OF SLEEP GAS TO PUT HIM UNDER!

IT'LL BE MORE MERCIFUL, THAT WAY!



MORE MERCIFUL? IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN, DARLING-- WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING?

WE CAN'T LET HIM REMAIN AS HE IS-- AN EVIL, DEADLY PARODY OF HIS NORMAL SELF!



THE ONLY ANSWER IS TO FIND SOME WAY TO REVERSE HIS MIND-- TO UNDO THE EFFECTS OF THE WIZARD'S DEVILISH ID MACHINE!

BUT, THAT MEANS I MUST TAMPER WITH HIS BRAIN-- AND, I CAN MAKE THE SLIGHTEST MISCALCULATION-- IT WILL MEAN HIS CERTAIN DEATH!

THEN, AS REED PREPARES TO UNDERTAKE ONE OF THE MOST DESPERATE GAMBLERS OF HIS LIFE...



STAY WHERE YOU ARE, TORCH-- AND DON'T TRY TO FLAME ON, IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU!

WHY? WHAT'S THE HIZARD DOING IN THAT LOCKED ROOM? WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, ANYWAY?



CLAM UP 'N' WAIT, HALP-PONT! HE'LL TELL YA WHEN HE'S GOOD 'N' READY!

WHILE, BEHIND THE CLOSED DOORS, WE FIND...



HAH! JUST AS I SUSPECTED! ANY ID MACHINE HAS BEEN DE-FUSED! IT ISN'T OPERATING PROPERLY!

THEN THE TORCH HAS BEEN FAIRING! HE ISN'T UNDER YOUR CONTROL!



MORRIS CAN DECEIVE THE WIZARD! I'LL MAKE HIM RUE THE DAY HE TOOK IT! I'LL-- STOP! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

SAVING YOUR LIFE, PERHAPS! HE'S STILL TOO DANGEROUS FOR YOU TO BATTLE ALONE! MEDUSA SHALL HELP YOU!



AND SO... WELL, WHAT'S THE PERFECT BEAUTIFUL DO I HOLSTER MY PISTOL-- OR USE IT?

I SUGGEST YOU HOLSTER IT FOR NOW, THARSTER! THERE'S NO NEED FOR US TO DO ANYTHING RASH!



NOW WILL YOU TELL ME WHAT'S GOIN' ON?

ALL IN GOOD TIME, TORCH-- ALL IN GOOD TIME!

CHOW, GET IT OVER WITH! CAT-'N'-HOUSE GAMES ARE FOR KIDS!



YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT, SANDMAN!
AND THIS LITTLE GAME WILL
BE ENDED VERY SOON!



THERE! I DID IT!
AND HE EXPECTED
NOTHING!

PERFECT
TIMING,
MELISA!
SO, YOU'RE
WISE TO M.E.
HUM?

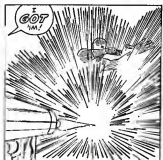


TAKE COVER!
HE
BURNED THROUGH HIS
PANTS AND
BEFORE THEY
COULD SOLIDIFY!



BUT THEN...
NOW-- WHILE
HIS BACK IS
TURNED!

THIS MINIATURE
RESONANCE CAP
WILL HAVE THE
EFFECT OF
DYNAMITE ON AN
OIL FIRE WHEN
IT HITS HIM!



I
GOT
YAM!



GOOD WORK, TRAPSTER!
THE SHOCK OF IMPACT
CAUSED HIS FLAME TO
FIZZLE OUT!

I DON'T NEED AN
INTERPRETER, PAL!
WHAT DO WE DO WITH
THE BEAT? FINISH
HIM OFF NOW--OR
SAVE HIM FOR
LATER?



BUT, WHILE THE FRIGHTFUL FOG PENSES THAT
FATEFUL DECISION, IT'S TIME FOR US TO RETURN
TO THE BAXTER BUILDING AND MR. FANTASTIC'S
LAB... REED, WHY HASN'T JONNY RETAINED
US? WHAT IF SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM?

HE'S MY OWN
BROTHER! I
CAN'T BELIEVE
THIS FEAR-
FUL MIST
IS



OPERATING HIS DELICATE MACHINE LIKE THE
MASTER HE IS, REED RICHARDS BEGINS TO SPEAK
SOFTLY--GRINLY--BESEECHINGLY...

SEN, OLD FRIEND--WAKE UP! I'M SPEAKING TO
THE REAL BEN GRUW--THE REAL THING--NOT
THE EVIL CREATURE WHOM THE
WIZARD HAS SHOWN!

YOU MUST HEAR ME! YOU
MUST WAKE UP AS YOUR
NORMAL SELF!



YOU MUST BANISH THOSE FALSE
IMAGES FROM YOUR MIND, SEN!
YOU MUST RID YOURSELF OF THE
HATRED, THE SAVAGERY THAT NOW
DOMINATE YOUR MIND!



I'M NOT REACHING HIM! THERE'S
NO RESPONSE! HE'S AWAKE-- BUT
HE HASN'T CHANGED! HE'S STILL
OUR ENEMY!

KEEP
TRYING,
REED!
YOU
CAN'T
GIVE UP
ON HIM
NOW!



YOU'RE LYIN' TO ME-- LIKE YOU'VE
ALWAYS DONE! REMIND THE ENEMY
--THE WORST ENEMY I EVER HAD!
YOU MADE ME THE WAY I AM!

HE'S SMASHING
THE MACHINE!
HE'S BREAKING
FREE!



SEN! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE
DOING! YOU'LL DESTROY YOUR ONE
CHANCE-- SEN!

TOO
LATE!
IT'S
FARER!



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FROM TOBY BOONER, RAINBOWSPOND, CAMBS.

Dear Alf and Cos,
In the Clock story in SMASH 150, Death-
head said: "Hee! Hee! My mission was to
destroy the Clock! Soon I shall carry out my
orders in full!" Who is he taking orders
from? And who and where is his leader? I
hope you can answer this.

Kevin Compton,
Newton Aycliffe, Co. Durham.

Deathhead is actually an agent of the
fendish G.H.O.U.L. organisation (General

Have you a trick or cartoon
you would like to see in
SMASH?
Send it on a postcard to:
SMASH, 189 High Holborn,
London, W.C.1.
It might win 10/-

Headquarters Of Unlawful Layouts). But
who the actual leader of G.H.O.U.L. is, or
where G.H.O.U.L. Central is located, nobody
knows... not even the Clock!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos.

In SMASH 153, you said that Odin had taken
all the powers that Thor had gained in Asgard
away from him. Yet Thor still had his hammer.
Could you please explain this, as his hammer
was a present from Odin.

M. Partridge,
Barrow, Gloucester.

Thor still had his hammer, frantically, but
it had no powers, as Odin had drained the
powers out of Thor AND his hammer...

Alf and Cos.

DON'T FORGET THE COUPON!

My favourite feature is

My second favourite feature is

Send the coupon with your letter to:
Alf and Cos, SMASH, 189, High
Holborn, London, W.C.1.

THE WARNING!

YOUR
SMASH!
SHORT
STORY

JACK BOON WAS BORN ON A FARM, AND HE LOVED THE SOMERSET COUNTRYSIDE... BUT THE WORK WAS HARD, AND THERE WAS LITTLE TIME OR CHANCE FOR ADVENTURE...

...SAVE THAT WHICH COULD BE GOT FROM BOOKS... AND IN THE ENGLAND OF 1780, BOOKS WERE FEW AND HARD TO COME BY...

SO THAT'S WHERE YOU BE HIDING! ARE YOUR MOTHER AND I TO MOW THIS FIELD ON OUR OWNS? SO HELP ME... I'LL BURN ALL THOSE BOOKS OF THINE, FOR THEY'LL BE THE RUINATION OF US ALL IF WE LOSE THIS HARVEST TO THE RAIN!

HIS MIND FULL OF THE ADVENTURES HE HAS SO EAGERLY READ, JACK'S HEART IS NOT IN HIS WORK...

MUST GET IN THIS HARVEST... THEN WE MUST SOW THE NEXT... ON AND ON IT GOES... YEAR IN, YEAR OUT! IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR DAD, BUT THIS IS NO LIFE FOR ME!

AND THAT NIGHT...

DAWN FINDS JACK COLD AND FOOTSOKE - BUT IN STONY OF HIS OBJECTIVE!

BRISTOL
2 Miles

ALL THOSE SHIPS! I'M BOUND TO GET A BERTH ON ONE OF THEM!... GOSH! I'M TIRED!

THE SEA... THAT'S THE LIFE... AND A FORTUNE TO BE MADE IN THE FAR-OFF LANDS BEYOND IT... DAD WILL BE PROUD OF ME... WHEN I RETURN...

ANYO THERE! YOUNG SPARKO! WAKE UP, LAD!

YOU'LL BE TRAMPING TO BRISTOL... LOOKING FOR A BERTH, EH?

TH-THAT'S RIGHT! - BUT HOW DO YOU GUESS?

IT'S EASY TO SPOT A LAD WITH THE SEA IN HIS VEINS... AS I'LL WARRANT YOU HAVE, MY BUCKO! AND TIS A LUCKY DAY FOR YOU THAT YOU'VE MET CAPTN SCARROW!

...AND LUCKY FOR ME, TOO. FOR, BLOW ME, MY GALLEY BOY HAS GONE DOWN WITH FEVER... AND ME ALL READY TO SAIL ON THE MORNING TIDE...

...AND SO, HARDLY DARING TO BELIEVE HIS LUCK, JACK SIGNS ON AS GALLEY BOY ABOARD THE DOLPHIN...

NOW, JACK, YOU'RE A SIGNED UP MEMBER OF THE CREW OF THE DOLPHIN... BOUND FOR THE INDIES... AND A SHARE ALONG WITH ALL THE CREW ON THE PROFITS OF THE VOYAGE!

AYE, JACK. THIS LITTLE CRUISE COULD BRING YOU IN A TIDY SUM IF OUR TRADING IS SUCCESSFUL, EH, MR MATE?

IF SUCCESSFUL, CAPTAIN? HAVE YOU EVER KNOWN OUR TRADING NOT TO BE?

SO JACK SETTLES DOWN TO HIS WORK IN THE GALLEY, HELPING JOE THE ONE ARMED COOK, UNTIL ONE DAY...

WHAT DO WE TRADE IN, JOE? NOBODY WILL TELL ME...

WHY, WE TRADE IRON, LAD— THAT'S WHAT WE DO— AND A NICE LITTLE BUSINESS IT IS, TOO!

SAIL HO, SAIL HO, ON THE STARBOARD BOW!

WHAT IS SHE, CAP'N?

SHE'S A MERCHANTMAN MR. AMOS, WELL LADEN, TOO, BY THE LOOKS OF HER! PIPE THE CREW TO STATIONS!

BREAK OPEN THE GUN PORTS, MISTER FLETCHER...

AYE, AYE, SIR!

WHAT'S GOING ON...? WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THAT FLAG?

THE MEANING OF THAT, WE BOY, IS THAT WE ARE ABOUT TO START TRADING IRON!

GET DOWN TO THE MAGAZINE AND START BRINGING UP THE POWDER FOR THE GUN CREW!

LOOK LIVELY!

LOOK LIVELY THERE!

POWDER BOY! OVER HERE!

THEY'RE PIRATES! ROTTEN PIRATES! AND THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT!

SOON THE MERCHANTMAN IS JUST A BATTERED HULK AT THE MERCY OF SCARROW'S CUT-THROATS...

BULLION— GOLD BULLION, THAT'S WHAT SHE WAS CARRYING! THERE'S A FORTUNE HERE FOR ALL OF US... HEY! YOUNG SPARKS... WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

COME ON, ME HEARTIES— NO QUARTER GIVEN— NONE ASKED! THERE'S A FORTUNE IN THE TAKING FOR EVERY MAN— JACK OF YER!

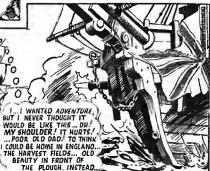
YOU MURDERERS! YOU FILTHY MURDERERS!

MR. AMOS, HAND ME DOWN THE CAT AND TIE THIS MUTINOUS PUP TO THE WHEEL! WE'LL HAVE TO BE TEACHING HIM HIS MANNERS!

NO! NO!... LET ME GO...

CAP'N SCARROW'LL TEACH YOU HOW TO BARK, YOU YOUNG WHelp!

THAT'S IT, LADS!... STRIP OFF HIS SHIRT!



Percy's Pets



NOW FOR SOME NICE
TWEEDY-PIE! PERCY'S
MUM BUYS ONLY THE
BEST OF STUFF!



HEH! HEH! PERCY'S MUM'S FILLED HER WARDROBE FULL OF MOTHBALLS!



A FEW MOTHBALLS WON'T STOP ME—THIS GAS MASK WILL KEEP OUT THE BOMB!



THIS SHOULD DO
THE TRICK—THE FFA
WILL BLOW AWAY THE
BONG WHILE I EAT!



TURTLE



GIVE UP? NEVER!
I'M NOT BEATEN! I'LL ZIP
IN AND CUT ME SOME PRIME
TWEED THEN ZIP BACK
OUT HERE BEFORE
I'M CHOKED!

OH, NO! THAT DANE WILL MAKE PERCY'S MUM MAD AND SHE'LL STOP OUR GRUB RATION!



I FOUND ANOTHER COUPLE OF MOTH BALLS IN HER FUR COAT!

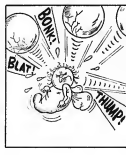
PREPARE TO FIRE—HERE COMES MILLY!

PREPARE TO
FIRE—HERE
COMES
MILLY!



FIRE!

**AAGH! TRAITORS.
MY OWN PALS HAVE TURNED
AGAINST ME!**



SUCH COMRADESHIP!

YAH! WE'VE BASH OUR GRANNIE FOR A LUMP OF CHEESE!

TRAITORS!

By Dave Coverly

**YAH! WE'O
BASH OUR
GRANNIE FOR
A LUMP OF
CHEESE!**

SUCH
FRAUDSHP!

TRAITORS!

**different
stamps!**

16

Send coupon with 1/- today, or write asking for Set N22

BROADWAY APPROVALS.
50, DENKIN HILL LONDON E 8 S

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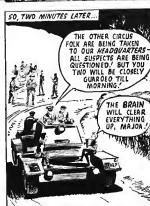
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BRIAN'S BRAIN



THEY REACH THE CIRCUS...



YES, SIR!

IN THE CARAVAN...



WHAT THE HECK HAS HAPPENED, BRIAN?

THE BRAIN ISN'T HERE! IT'S BEEN TAKEN OUT OF THE ROBOT'S HEAD!

SUDDENLY...



THE CARAVAN MOTOR'S STARTED UP!

WE'RE BEING DRIVEN OUT OF THE CIRCUS!



WHOMEVER IS DRIVING IT IS GOING LUCKY-SPILT!

WE'RE HEADING FOR THE MOORS! BANG ON THE PARTITION AND SHOUT!

BUT SHOUTING MAKES NO DIFFERENCE...



IT'S NEARLY DAWN!

WE'RE PULLING UP AT SOME LONELY OLD HOUSE!

NEXT MINUTE...



W-HO ARE YOU?

DON'T BE ALARMED, BOY! YOUR SECRET IS SO IMPORTANT! IT WAS DECIDED TO BRING YOU TO THIS BRITISH INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS WITHOUT DELAY! COME WITH ME!



HOW DO WE KNOW WE CAN TRUST YOU?

A VERY GOOD QUESTION! I AM DR. BAXTER OF THE RESEARCH SECTION OF THE SECRET SERVICE! IN THAT ROOM YOU'LL FIND AN OLD FRIEND WHO'LL PROVE WE ARE TO BE TRUSTED!



MERLO, THE CIRCUS MAGICIAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I'M PART OF THE SECRET SERVICE SET UP, TOO, BRIAN! TAKE A LOOK ON THE TABLE!



AT LAST, THE BRAIN! ALL I WANT NOW IS PEN AND PAPER TO PUT DOWN WHAT THE BRAIN TELLS ME!

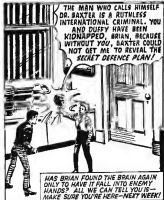
I'LL SEE YOU GET EVERYTHING YOU WANT, BRIAN! WE HAD TO SMUGGLE THAT OBJECT HERE TO BE SURE OF ITS SAFETY!



THE BRAIN BEGINS TO GLOW WITH MYSTERIOUS LIGHT...

GEE, BRIAN! EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT NOW! I HAVE YOU BACK!

I FEAR NOT, BRIAN!



THE MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF DR. BAXTER IS A RUTHLESS INTERNATIONAL CRIMINAL. YOU AND DUFFY HAVE BEEN KIDNAPPED, BRIAN, BECAUSE WITHOUT YOU, BAXTER COULD NOT GET ME TO REVEAL THE SECRET DEFENCE PLAN!

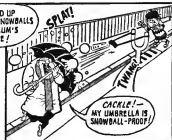
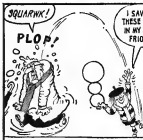
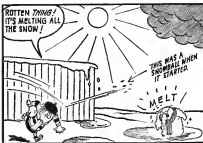
HAS BRIAN FOUND THE BRAIN AGAIN ONLY TO HAVE IT FALL INTO ENEMY HANDS? ALL WE CAN TELL YOU IS—MAKE SURE YOU'RE HERE—NEXT WEEK!

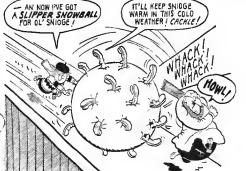
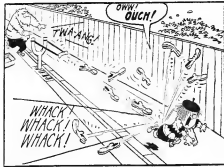
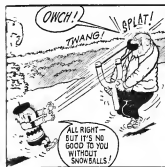
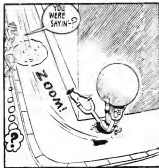


BAD PENNY



PAH!—MR SNIDGE WON'T LEAVE HIS HOUSE WHEN THERE'S SNOW ABOUT—





DESTINATION DANGER

JEFF JACKSON, A YOUNG ENGLISH RACING MOTORIST WITH PUMA MOTORS IN THE U.S.A., DISCOVERED THAT THE FIRM'S ACE DRIVER, VIC STAFFORD, WAS IN LEAGUE WITH NERO AUTOS, THEIR UNSCRUPULOUS RIVALS. IN THE ANCON DERBY RACE, JEFF WAS FORCED TO RETIRE WHEN HIS CAR CAUGHT FIRE, BUT, AGAINST ORDERS, HE TOOK OVER STAFFORD'S PUMA AND RE-JOINED THE RACE. HE HAD PULLED UP INTO THIRD PLACE WHEN A WHEEL FROM ANOTHER CAR BROKE LOOSE AND WENT HURLING TOWARDS A BUNCH OF SPECTATORS.

AS JEFF SAW THE WHEEL FLASHING TOWARDS THE PANIC-STRIKEN SPECTATORS HE REALISED THE TERRIBLE DANGER!



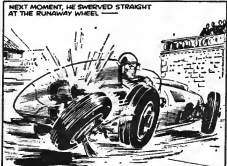
BUT JEFF CAME TO A SUDDEN DECISION—



AT TERRIFIC SPEED, JEFF SWERVED THE PUMA OFF THE ROAD—



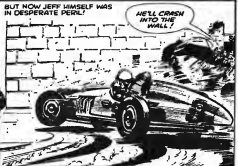
NEXT MOMENT, HE SWERVED STRAIGHT AT THE RUNAWAY WHEEL—

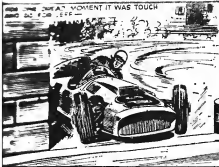


WATCHED BY THE BREATHLESS, CROWD, THE WHEEL WAS DEFLECTED SUFFICIENTLY TO AVERT DISASTER!



BUT NOW JEFF HIMSELF WAS IN DESPERATE PERIL!





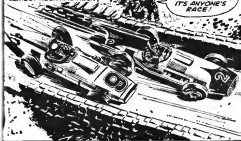
BACK ON THE ROAD, JEFF ROARED
AFTER THE RACE LEADERS.



THREE LAPS LATER,
HE FORCED HIS
PUMA INTO
SECOND PLACE.



SOON, JEFF WAS BATTLING IT OUT WITH THE LEADING NERO, FOR
TWO LAPS THEY RACED ON
ALMOST NECK AND NECK!



SUDDENLY, THE HARD PRESSED
NERO DRIVER TOOK A CORNER
TOD WIDE. JEFF SEIZED
HIS CHANCE TO
ROAR PAST!



MINUTES LATER, JEFF'S PUMA HURTLING
OVER THE FINISHING-LINE —



OVER IN THE PITS, JEFF'S MECCO PAL,
LOYD HALEY, TURNED
EXCITEDLY TO
BOSS OF PUMAS.



I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN THAT
JACKSON KNOCKED OUT STAFFORD,
MY NO. 1 DRIVER, AND TOOK OVER
HIS CAR! I'M GLAD HE'S WON, OF
COURSE, BUT UNLESS HE HAS A
SOUND EXPLANATION OF HIS
ACTIONS, HE'S IN
TROUBLE!

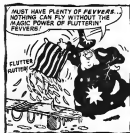


IN NEXT WEEK'S SMASH! —A SHOW-DOWN WITH THE TEAM TRAITOR!

WIZARD PRANG

IN WIZ WAR

DEMON DRUID





THE
MIGHTY

THOR

THOR AND HIS COMPANIONS, AND THE EVIL LOKI, HAVE BEEN ABANDONED ON EARTH BY ODIN, AND LEFT POWERLESS. WHILE LOKI IS CONSPIRING WITH THE EVIL NORR QUEEN, A SUPER CRIMINAL TAKES HIM BY SURPRISE AND RECEIVES LOKI'S AWESOME ASGARDIAN POWERS BY MISTAKE!



WHOEVER SHE WAS... SHE'S GONE!

SHE MUST HAVE THOUGHT I WAS THAT OTHER GUY... THE ONE SHE CALLED LOKI!

I DUNNO WHAT SHE DID TO ME... BUT I LIKE IT!

I FEEL LIKE A BUZZED POWERHOUSE!

Reg. U.S. & © Marvel Comics Group 1967



WELL, WELL... LOOK WHO'S WAKIN' UP!

MY HELMET!! YOU OWE TO HOLD IT!!

IT CANNOT BE! IT IS MINE ALONE!



DON'T GET YOUR TENGLES IN AN UPGRADE, SONNY!

HIRE... TAKE IT! IT DOESN'T FIT ME GOOD, ANYWAY!

ALL THE WITCHER NEEDS IS HIS CROWNBAR!

HAH! NOW YOU SHALL GET MORE THAN YOU NEED!



NOW YOU'LL LEARN THE TASTE OF ANY MORTAL WHO DARES TO STRIKE THE GOD OF EVIL!

BUT... I CAN GO ON FURTHER!

YOU HOLD HIM BACK... WITH BUT A GESTURE!

I... I DON'T KNOW... IT WORKS...!

BUT I SURE AS HELL KNOW IT!

IT MUST HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH WHAT THAT CLOWN SAID...

LET'S SEE WHAT ELSE I CAN HANDLE!

I ORDER YA TO GET BACK WHERE YA CAME FROM, FINK!



IT WORKED! THE CLOWN IS GONE!

IT'S THE GREATEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO ME!

INSTEAD A JUST STEALIN' A WHOLE BUNCH OF LOOT...

I STOLE SOME KINDA MAGIC POWERY I LATCHED ONTO COME-THIN' SUPERNATURAL!!

AND I LIKE IT!



SEE WHAT WE MEAN ABOUT KATE BUTTING IN? WELL, ANYWAY... LET'S GET BACK TO OUR FAIR-OUT FRIENDS ONCE AGAIN...

THERE ARE MANY CUSTOMS OF EARTH FOR THIS TO LEARN...

ANY... AND IT SEEMS NO LESS MIRACULOUS!

THAT WHICH YOU CALL TELEVISION BOTH RESEMBLE THE COSMIC MEMBERS OF THINE OWN FATHER!

BUT I BE PERPLEXED!

WHAT BECAUSE BOTH SERVES?



'TIS KNOWN TO NORTALS AS... ENTERTAINMENT!

HAH!! THE SIGHT OF THE VALKYRIE RIDING ACROSS THE HEAVENS... THE SOUND OF SWORD CLASHING AGAINST WAVED STEEL... THE BEAUTY OF A CELESTIAL SUNSET... THAT IS ENTERTAINMENT!

'TIS BECAUSE WE STILL CONSIDER OURSELVES ASGARDIANS!

BUT, IN TRUTH, WE ARE ASGARDIANS NO MORE.



HOLD!

WHAT
HAYS WE
HERE IT

A STRANGELY POWERFUL,
DESTRUCTIVE BEING WHO
CALLS HIMSELF THE WRECKER
HAS BEGUN A ONE-WAN
RAMPAGE HERE IN THE CITY...

A NEW
MENACE
APPEARS...

HE IS REPORTED TO
POSSESS THE EN-
CHANTED POWER OF
ASGARD!

HOW CAN AN
EARTHLING HAVE
OBTAINED THE POWER
OF ASGARD?

IT'S MOST
IMPOSSIBLE...
UNLESS...



AY! THE
SELF-SAME
THOUGHT
DID CROSS
MY MIND!

HE CANNOT
HAVE GOTTEN
THE POWER BY
HIMSELF!

IT CAN
ONLY BE...
THE
DOING OF
LOKI!



WE MUST
HAJSTEN
TO THE
SPOT!

DESPITE THEIR COURAGE...DESPITE
THEIR SKILL...NO MORTAL LAW
OFFICERS CAN COME WITH
ASGARDIAN POWER!

THOUGH OUR
OWN ENCHANTED
POWER BE
GONE...

STILL HAVE WE
THE KNOWLEDGE
...AND THE STRENGTH!



AND, EVEN AS THE COSTUMED TRIO SPEED TO THE
SCENE...

IT'S
NO
USE!

HE KEEPS REPELLING
OUR BULLETS WITH SOME
SORT OF FORCE WAVES!

NO WEAPON
CAN HARM
THE WRECKER!

IT'S LIKE
TRYING TO
KILL
A GHOST!

YOU'RE
SURROUNDED!

YOU CAN
ESCAPE!



ESCAPE?? YOU FOOLS! YOU STILL DON'T
UNDERSTAND!

IT'S YOU WHO ARE
TRAPPED... BY THE
WRECKER!



WATCH HOW MY OWN
ENCHANTED POWERS
CAN HAVE A SUPREME
WEAPON OF THIS
ORDINARY CROW-
BAR!

THOK!



ALL RIGHT, MEN!
LET'S SHOW HIM
WHAT... NO!
HOLD IT!

STAY
BACK!

WHAT'S
WRONG,
CAPTAIN?

NOTHING'S WRONG! I
JUST NOTICED SOME-
ONE... ON THE ROOF-
TOP BEHIND THE
WRECKER!

I'LL BET I
COULD SPLIT
THE WHOLE
PLANET APART!

NOT WHILE THOR AND HIS
COMRADES
DO LIVE!

PUT
DOWN
WEAPON!





I'LL DO MORE THAN DISREGARD YA, MISTER!

I'LL SHOW YA HOW HELPLESS YOU ARE AGAINST ME!



OKEY, LONG-HAIR... JUST YOU STAY THERE...

WHILE I TAKE CARE OF THE OTHER TWO BEHIND YA!



GET BACK... BOTH OF YA... BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM!



THEY ARE GONE!!



YOU KNOW IT, GOLDBLOCKS!

THAT CHICK WHO CALLED HERSELF THE NOBY QUERN WAS A REAL MUCKY!

AH NOY, MISTER, YOU'RE GONNA GET IT!



HE ENCHANTED POWER BOTH PROTECT HIM FROM MY MOST SHATTERING BLOW!

YET NO SUCH PROTECTION DOES THE MIGHTY TWO POSSESS FROM THE BLINDING ON SLIGHT OF THE WRICKER!



BUT, I MUST NOT YIELD... I MUST NOT FALL...

STANNY!



THEN WHO WOULD STAND BETWEEN THE WRICKER... AND YOU HAPLESS NUMAN RACE?



HAH!! DID IT!

I GOT THE UPPER HAND AT LAST!



CAUSE THEY CANT DO A THING AGAINST THE ENCHANTMENT I'M RIGHT NOW!

... IN ORDER TO FINISH YOU OFF... FOREVER!

THE BLAZING BATTLE REACHES ITS CLIMAX--NEXT WEEK!

The NERVS

FATTY HAS JUST RECEIVED A LETTER FROM HIS PAL, HERBERT.



MUM CHIN
 READ FATTY, — IN BITS OF YOUR EATING AND THE GUM LAST YEAR, MY MUM SAYS I HAVE TO INVITE YOU TO MY PARTY AGAIN THIS YEAR, — BUT OF COURTESIES, YOURS TRULY, HERB.

THE RECEIPT OF THIS FATTAL COMMUNICATION CHANGES HERBIE'S PLANS IN THE "BOON" CHAM.



HERBERT'S MUM MUST BE AFRAID — AFTER WHAT FATTY DID LAST YEAR!
 THIS IS AN EMERGENCY!! ALL CHIEF NERV'S REPORT TO THE HEAD NERV-NEURV — IMMEDIATELY!
 NOT NERVN! I COULDN'T STAND IT!

FATTY IS ALSO FRANTIC — WITH JOYOUS ANTICIPATION!



P.S. — STUFF YOUR FAT TUM WITH YOUR OWN GUMS, BEFORE YOU COME, SO YOU'LL LEAVE ENOUGH FOR THE OTHER GUESTS!
 BOY-O-BOY! A PARTY!

MEANWHILE THE "CHIEF-NEURV'S" HAVE ASSEMBLED BEFORE THE HEAD OF THE "NERV" DEPT...



WE CAN'T COME WITH ANOTHER BIRTHDAY PARTY!
 GUT!
 ME TOO!
 HEAD NERV
 KEEP CALM! WHAT I PROPOSE WE BE RE-STEP ANY GUMS! KINELY FILE INTO THE MEMO'S PROJECTION ROOM!

ONE SHUFFLE LATER —



RIGHT! WE WILL NOW RE-VIEW SOME OF LAST YEAR'S "PARTY MEMO'S" — AND FIND OUT WHERE WE WENT WRONG!
 WARNING! THE FEATURES YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE IS A REMOR FILM, WHICH CAN BE CURE — AND ONLY FOR NERVUS ANNOY.

NOW IF YOU'RE ALL SITTING COMED TRIVELY, BOB NUTHOUSE, OUR PROJECTIONIST, WILL RUN THROUGH A FEW REELS FOR YOU! READY, BOB?



YOU BET BOB! OPERATING KNOCKS OUT LAST!

— AND ON! —



HIS-HE! THEY'LL KNOCK HIM DEAD!

— YEE-TI-TIDLY-DE-DEE-DE-DY-DUM — HOW'S THIS FOR A START?



NOT SCOTTISH WELSH, TWO BULTERIN' IDIOTS! REELS OF GUM! GET BACK UP THERE!
 KNOCK HIM OFF!
 BOO!
 BOO!

10 MINUTES LATER, WHEN BOB NUTHOUSE NERV HAS BEEN SORTED OUT...



BOB! THEY DON'T RECOGNIZE TALENT WHEN THEY SEE IT!
 IT'S UNUSUAL! YOU TWIT!

BOB TURNS THE PROJECTOR @SIDE-DOWN, AND...



AND THERE'S HERB! NOW, THIS WAS THE HOUSE OF THAT BOY OF BOY STOP NERVUS!
 SLURP!
 — AN AVALANCHE OF SHRETTLY GREEN BLANCHANGE —

— THIS CHANGES SLIMLY DOWN THE GULLER, GULLER ALL IN ITS PRINCIPALITY —



AGHH!
 FLAY! IT'S AN AVALANCHE!
 I'LL SAY WE CAN NEVER SAY GULLER! AGHH!

THEN FOLLOWED THAT DRENCHING GULLER — THE FIZZLING TERNAL!



BOY! YES! A GULLER OF THE CREAM!



MEANWHILE, PATTY HAS EVOKED HIMSELF UP SO MUCH AT
THE ABUSIVE FACTS OF THE PARTY, THAT HE IS ON THE VERGE OF
HYSTERIA!



SUDDENLY, AS A RESULT OF PATTY'S
CONVULSIVE JERKS, HIS NERVE'S GO ALL TO
PIECES...



HAH! SANDWICHES! JEM! BERTS!
TRIFLE! HAH! HAH! HAH! SLURP!



HALF-AN-HOUR LATER, IN THE "TUM" DEPARTMENT...



THE SPECTRE vs THE DEMON

THE WORLD THINKS JIM JORDAN DEAD... BUT JIM STILL FIGHTS CRIME AS **THE SPECTRE**. WHEN JIM GRAPPLES IN MID-AIR WITH A SINISTER VAMPIRE-LIKE CREATURE BOTH HE AND HIS ADVERSARY PLUNGE TO THE GROUND.



I WAS **LUCKY!** THIS CREATURE—WHATEVER HE IS WAS **BENEATH** ME. HE BROKE MY FALL!



HELP ME! MY LEGS—THEY'RE **BROKEN!**

I'LL HELP YOU—BUT **ONLY** IF YOU TELL ME WHO YOU ARE AND WHY YOU LURED ME HERE!

I USED TO BE A CIRCUS PERFORMER—**DRAKA THE VAMPIRE**. THIS BUILDING IS THE DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND—ONCE A HOUSE OF THRILLS IN A FUN FAIR. AND I WAS HIRED TO SEEK YOU OUT AND BRING YOU HERE BY **LUCIFUS DEMMON**.



LUCIFUS DEMMON—THE DEMON! MY OLD ENEMY! SO HE IS BEHIND THIS!

JIM MAKES THE INJURED DRAKA AS COMFORTABLE AS HE CAN.

WITH BOTH LEGS BROKEN YOU CANNOT MOVE. I SHALL RETURN TO HELP YOU, BUT **FIRST** I MUST KEEP AN APPOINTMENT INSIDE THE DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND... **WITH THE DEMON!**

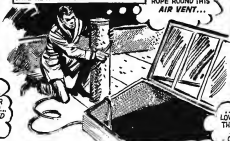


JIM CLIMBS THE NARROW IRON LADDER THAT RUNS UP THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING.



THE DEMON WILL BE EXPECTING ME TO ENTER THROUGH THE DOOR... SO I'LL TRY TO FIND A WAY IN FROM THE ROOF!

THE RISING WIND THREATENS TO PLUCK JIM FROM THE ROOF AS HE SEEKS, AND FINDS, A SKYLIGHT. FROM HIS WAIST HE UNWINDS THE LENGTH OF THIN NYLON ROPE HE ALWAYS CARRIES WITH HIM.



I'LL FASTEN THE END OF THE ROPE ROUND THIS AIR VENT...



... THEN LOWER MYSELF THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT OPENING.

ON THE GROUND FLOOR, JUST INSIDE THE DOOR, THE DEMON WAITS,



JORDAN WILL COME. I **KNOW** HE WILL COME! AND MY **SURPRISES** ARE ALL WAITING FOR HIM!

ON THE ROOF, AN EXTRA-WILD GUST OF WIND STRIKES THE RAISED SKYLIGHT... AND SLAMS IT SHUT!



CRACK!



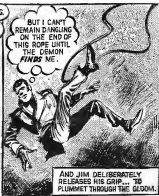
THE ROPE IS **JAMMED!** I CAN'T LOWER MYSELF ANY FURTHER... AND I'D NEVER BE ABLE TO FORCE THE SKYLIGHT OPEN AGAIN WHILST HOLDING ON TO THIS ROPE.



JIM TAKES A TORCH FROM HIS POCKET.

IT'S NOT WORKING. IT MUST HAVE **BROKEN** IN MY FALL WITH THE VAMPIRE!

I CAN'T SEE WHAT LIES BENEATH ME, OR HOW GREAT A **DROP** IT IS...



BUT I CAN'T REMAIN DANGLING ON THE END OF THIS ROPE UNTIL THE DEMON **FINDS** ME.

AND JIM DELIBERATELY RELEASES HIS GRIP... TO PLUMMET THROUGH THE GLOOM.



THE DEMON HEARS THE CRASH THAT COMES FROM ABOVE.

WHAT WAS **THAT?** IT CAN ONLY BE JORDAN! HE IS SOMEWHERE **INSIDE!**



ON THE UPPER FLOOR WHERE HE HAS LANDED HEAVILY JIM IS ALREADY SLIPPING INTO OBLIVION.

MY HEAD! **AH...**



WHEN CONSCIOUSNESS SLOWLY AND PAINFULLY RETURNS, JIM FINDS HIS HANDS BOUND TOGETHER AND A ROPE KNOTTED ROUND HIS WAIST.

AH! SO THE SPECTRE AWAKES! IT WAS FORTUNATE FOR YOU THAT YOU BROKE NO BONES IN YOUR FALL!

FORTUNATE FOR ME TOO. FOR I HAVE **PLANS** FOR YOU, INTERESTING **PLANS!**



THE DEMON PASSES A SWITCH AND THE HIDEOUS FIGURES FLANKING JIM BREAK INTO RAPID JERKY MOVEMENT.

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

THIS IS A FUN FAIR **SHOOTING-RANGE**. HALF-A-CROWN TO WIN A PRIZE BY HITTING ONE OF THESE MOVING TARGETS WITH A **CORK-FIRING RIFLE**.



BUT THIS IS A **REAL RIFLE**, FIRING **REAL BULLETS!** AND YOU, MR. JORDAN, ARE TO BE MY MOVING -**LIVING-TARGET!**



THE GRINNING DEMON SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER... AND THE SHARP CRACK OF THE RIFLE ECHOES DEAFENINGLY IN THE CHAMBER.

BLAM!

JIM JORDAN, A TARGET IN A SHOOTING GALLERY? SHOT DOWN BY THE DEVILISH DEMON?... DON'T MISS **NEXT WEEK'S EXPLOSIVE EPISODE!**

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